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The Marriage Question

An Up-to-Date Monologue.

BY

Francis R. Cole

CHICAGO
The Dramatic Publishing Company

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION

A MONOLOGUE

By

FRANCIS R. COLE

Author of "Belshazzar", "Standpatters", etc.

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THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Alarmed at the numerous marriage failures that stalk through the land, many declare the country is going to the demnition bow-wows, and as I am a much married man, I have been called to preach you a sermonette on this great question of the day; and, using the sacred symbol of the Trinity, I'm going to divide the subject under three heads, of Love, Courtship, and Marriage; the three steps by which we are led here below, like lambs to the shambles. As I'm a much married man, as I said, I've much experience, ergo much advice. What a good thing people don't have to follow their own advice!—there would be an advice famine.

Overawed with the vastness of my momentous subject, I have consulted the solid tomes of thinkers and poets, and insulted the peroxide domes of drinkers and flirts. Notably among the former class I sought out Shakespeare, whom a late orator proclaimed "a great ocean of wisdom whose waves touched all the shores of thought." Ah [*Opening large volume on the table*], the first crack out of the box we come across this embalmed bit of crystal cackle from the "sweet Swan of Avon"—"Man has seven ages." Note the wording—man. Woman's ages is still a dark question. Fact. After the first two she abolishes the other five. But to come to a head (as all like to see a blind boil), we come to Love. Emerson says, "Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward, it's our highest word, the synonym of God." It's our highest word, all right—why, the ali-

mony is frightfully high in some cases; but as to its being the synonym of God, many here can testify it's the essence of Lucifer. Another author says, "Love's an indescribable something that fills every soul with celestial thrills." Mush! Poet's license! It's a fleeting itch of the heart, often dangerous and sometimes contagious, which only time can cure. Another fellow afflicted with the fever of analytic philosophy says, "Love on woman's part is the moving force of nature, the binding cement of society, the spirit of the universe; in brief, all nature wrapped into one desire." This hifalutin language comports with the feminine spirit, but on mere's man's part it's a silly ruling passion to be ruled and pay all the expenses of government and the millinery. Yet if we reflect we find some women are proper to sup port (support), sup champagne, and gulp down all drinkables in general.

Now, this love acts differently on different individuals. Pat says "It's a recreation that won't let ye sleep with the pleasure of the pain." But let's see how it acts on others. On the bashful maid of yore the affliction of love was a solemn affair. She would "pine in thought, let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek, and, with a green and yellow melancholy, sit like patience on a monument, smiling at grief." But this class of maiden is about extinct. We live in a practical age, and the gentler sex is now aggressive. Take the maiden of today (if you can); when she's affected she straightway becomes a student and a philosopher. She discovers corn will pop best over a red-hot stove in the bright kitchen, but that the question will pop better over a cozy sofa in the subdued light of the parlor. She also becomes an economist. For economy she has the Welsbach light skinned to death—she trains an ordinary gas jet down to a consumption of three feet a week. While on the

simple-minded young man love acts in the opposite direction. He recklessly burns up a week's salary in one night, and will pawn all his earthly possessions in order to get duckie a diamond. But to rush on (though I'm no Russian), we had better come to our second head—Courtship.

Courtship, like whiskey and the police, gets many people into trouble. Although a fool may be born every minute, he doesn't get his diploma till he steps up to the little window and gets his marriage license. In fairness, it must be said courtship is the one place where man has his SAY. There's no cry, "Get the hook!" Even if he has nothing to say, he can still hold his audience—if she don't weigh over a quarter ton. Ah, my friends, if circumstances are favorable courtship is the state sublime, where all seasons summer and all nights June, in the light of the silvery moon. Some realize this. When Riley asked Bridget to marry, the old gal said, "Ill marry ye, Riley; but ye aren't goin' to cheat me out of me courtin', for a' that." Others regard marriage a lottery and grab at the first chance. A fellow called up his girl on the phone: "Hello, lovey; that you? Awfully busy; can't get off tonight." She answered, "All right, dear." He followed it up with, "Say, old gal, can you marry me?" She replied, "Guess I can." Emboldened, he asked her straight, "Will you marry me?" Six voices shouted "Yes!" These party lines are great. Shakespeare says, "Courtship and marriage go by haps; some cupids kill by arrows, some by traps." And some of these killing-traps are in the form of gushy mush known as love letters. Oh, they are sweet morsels—in a breach-of-promise or divorce case. If love anywhere runs to seed, it's in the silly nilly love letters. There was a country swain who used to kiss the letters he wrote his sweetheart, adding an X where he did so. Not having any more room on the paper for more marks, he

sent a check for one hundred kisses. The girl was delighted, fixed things up, and phoned him, saying: "I got check O. K., and friend Billy, 'cross the way, cashed it at once."

During the Middle Ages troubadours courted the lady of their fancy by taking their guitars and serenading her beneath her window. I was smitten with a maiden once, and everything was arranged, when one of these fellows with a high tenor and a dash of Spanish serenading in his makeup came along and captivated my angel dumpling. She was a peach, too,—rich—a bunch of sparkling rhinos here and on her fingers. Oh, there was some glass to her, all right. I was crumpled and grumpy and didn't know what to do. At last I decided to have my vocal pipes cleaned, oiled and put in shape; and went down to a long-haired, black-eyed professor, and he pried me loose from a chunk of adhesive tin and set me loose on the world with the same song my rival flourished. I felt strong, but the first time I tried it out on my maiden the neighbors notified the humane society. Maybe it was cruelty to young animals. It went like this, as I remember it. [*Song, "I Love You,* WILL, *Forever."*]

A fellow can't be too careful. The first thing he knows he's smitten; then he finds himself in the air. The woods are so full of coquettes, and the heart of a coquette is like a street car—always room for one more; and they've always been so. Madame de Staël, the vivacious French court beauty, when she was writing her memoirs, was asked how she was going to depict herself in her numerous gallantries and flirtations, and she replied, "Merely as a bust." O you heart busters! That's another reason why every man should know how to swim. He don't know what minute he'll be thrown overboard. But one can rely generally that girls like heroes or men who have done a signal

service in the world. They dote on a man of deeds.—Deeds to houses and lots are their favorites.

But now we come to marriage. Marriage [*Sighing sentimentally*] is a beautiful dream [*Pause*] and a horrible awakening. You may laugh, my friends, but, like some farce comedies, it's no laughing matter. A religious hermit described marriage as a "state of probation in which man is placed to prepare him for a better life." It's certainly a test, all right. The trouble with us men, we are too weak-kneed. First we're chicken-hearted bachelors, then we're hen-pecked husbands. What we want is "Men with force and skill, To turn the current of woman's will: For if she will, she will, you can depend on it; And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on it."

Now, I'm from Missouri and want to know what's what and where I'm at; so I said to wifey when we got home from the ceremony, "Jane, are you going to be president or vice-president of the joint stock concern we've organized today?" She said, "Neither; I'll be only the treasurer." ONLY. I've finally come to the conclusion that I am only a silent partner.

My wife's a great talker—conversationalist, I believe the ladies term it. The only time she's a good listener is when I talk in my sleep. Wife took sick and the doctor said she needed change. Well, sir, she got going through my pockets every night. Disappointment made her worse. So I set to work on her case myself. I've always fancied myself more or less of a healer, having been in ward politics several years. I thought if she took good exercise she'd get an appetite; good appetite would make good blood; good blood, a strong, healthy body. So I set her to washing; but she objected to being kept in hot water. Then Mr. Happy Thought came briskly to my rescue. Realizing woman's strong weakness, as Pat would say, for

shopping, I encouraged her at it; so on sales days at the department stores I'd give her four or five hours to shop. Why, those bargains are as good and exciting exercise as a football game. I don't see why the government don't recruit the cavalry from the ranks of women. They're natural born chargers.

When you get married you settle down—and sometimes settle up. You pick out a nice flat or cottage and form neighbors. Now,we have to the north a clever woman; she knows her husband like a book, and shuts him up as quickly. Whew, she's smart! To know her is a liberal education, but a college one is cheaper. In due time babies arrive. Babies, the spice of life. It's then you seem blessed by a hand from above. The Bible says the wise man may learn from the babe. An instance: they teach you system. Babies have a place for everything and try to put everything in place—their mouth. If your family comprises a mother-in-law you have a big subject to contend with. I had an acquaintance who tried to drown his troubles by turning the hose on his mother-in-law. Don't try it. When you're married twenty-five years, that's your silver wedding; fifty years, your golden wedding; but when your wife dies, that's your jubilee. The trouble with woman is, she wants too much. Hubby comes home with his wages in his envelope, hands it to wifey, and she isn't happy. She thinks he ought to make more. She's like a mortgage—it takes a lot to satisfy her. It's no wonder she drives man to drink—it's such an easy job. A widow attended a seance in Dublin recently, and the medium announced that the spirit of her deceased husband was there and wanted to speak with her. She started, "Is thot ye, Shamus?" Spirit—"Yis, it's Oi." W.—"Are ye happy?" S.—"Yes; very happy." W.—"Happier thon ye wuz wid me, Shamus?" S.—"Yis; much happier." W.—"Where are ye, Shamus?" S.—"In hill."

It's no wonder men are the most homesick when they are at home. Woman's spending power exceeds man's earning capacity. Right here let me confidentially tell my friends of a little book that will help them conquer all matters of household economy—the full pocketbook. Ah, ladies, if you're honest, now, you must admit you're like dogs; you need muzzling (muslin) in hot weather. You may wish to ask me, holding the opinions I do, how I got the idea of marrying. I didn't; it was an idea of my wife's. You see, my wife was a widow and knew how to handle me. Of course, in my dreamy youth I had an ambition to become the captain of some damsel's ship and sail the gay bark of conjugal bliss over the stormy ocean of life. My wife settled that; she said I would have to be her second mate. My spouse is now a stout little craft of about forty horsepower and as fine a Revenue Cutter as there is afloat. And I guess I'd better get out of here [*Turning, and acting as though she might be coming*]; there might be some maneuvers of attack, or a sudden squall and a "man overboard!"

[*Hurried exit.*]

Joe Ruggles
OR
THE GIRL MINER

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

By FRANK J. DEAN

Price, 25 cents

Nine male, three female characters. A vigorous, stirring play, depicting peculiar types of life in a large city and in the mining districts of the West. The parts of Joe Ruggles, the miner, Hans Von Bush (Dutch dialect), and Richard Hamilton, the scheming villain, all afford opportunity for clever work; while the part of Madge (soubrette), who afterwards assumes the character of Mark Lynch, is an excellent one for a bright young actress.

Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I—Entrance to Railroad Station

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains inportant information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who? Old Joe!"

ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mis-dake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's dis-guise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your choice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

ACT III—Wood Scene

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

ACT IV

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer believed dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie barty"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circum-stances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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Uncle Rube

An Original Homestead Play in Four Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

RUBEN RODNEY (Uncle Rube), Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a master hand at "swappin' hosses"....Character lead
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain.....
..... Character heavy
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal.....Straight heavy
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist.....Juvenile lead
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude.....
.....Character comedy
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!".....Eccentric
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic.....Low comedy
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable.....Comedy
MILLICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher".....Juvenile lady
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow....Character comedy
TAGGS, a waif from New York.....Soubrette

Time—Mid Autumn. Place—Vermont.

Time of playing—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.

ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.

ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.

ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama: "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is the play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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Won Back

A Play in Four Acts

By

CLIFTON W. TAYLEUR

Price, 25 cents

Six male, four female characters. A play written in the same vein as "Held by the Enemy," "Shenandoah," "Across the Potomac," and other great New York successes. Mr. Tayleur has written many successful plays, but this striking picture of the stirring times of the Great Rebellion surpasses them all. Costumes, civil and military of the period. Scenes, two interiors, and one landscape with Confederate camp, easily managed. Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS

ACT I — Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington — 1860

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all: and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II — Same Scene — 1860

"Who might have been—Ah, what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest."

Broken ties—A Vassar girl's idea of matrimony—A Washington savage—Schooling a lover—Affairs of honor—The Northern fire-eater—The missing challenge—Betrothed.

ACT III — Drawing-room in New York Hotel — 1861

"With bayonets slanted in the glittering light
With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

To arms! To arms!—Stand by the flag—A woman's duty—A skirmish in the parlor—On to Richmond—Reunited—The passing regiment.

ACT IV — Confederate Camp at Winchester 1864

"No more shall the war cry sever, or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever, when they laurel the graves of our dead."

A cowards' armor—A hand to hand struggle—Hugh captured—Sentenced to be shot—A ministering angel—Harold King's revenge—The attack on the camp—Death of King—After the battle—Won back.

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'The Spinsters' Convention
(The Original Old Maids' Convention)

Price, 25 cents

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS

Gathering of the Members of the Society—The Roll-Call—The Greeting Song—Minutes of the last meeting—Report of The Treasurer—Music: "Sack Waltz"—A paper on Woman's Rights—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics"—The Advent of the Mouse—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society—The Psalm of Marriage—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men—A Petition to Congress—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee—An Appeal to the Bachelors—Prof. Make-over—The Remodelscope.-Testimonials—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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Tompkin's Hired Man

A Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN PRICE, 25 CENTS

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.
Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.
John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.
Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.
Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.
Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.
Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.
Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

SYNOPSIS

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you?" "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never given my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things hain't so dangerous when everybodys' got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh, my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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Capt. Racket

A Comedy in Three Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

Price, 25 cents

This play by Mr. Townsend is probably one of his most popular productions; it certainly is one of his best. It is full of action from start to finish. Comic situations rapidly follow one after another, and the act endings are especially strong and lively. Every character is good and affords abundant opportunity for effective work. Can be played by five men and three women, if desired. The same scene is used for all the acts, and it is an easy interior. A most excellent play for repertoire companies. No seeker for a good play can afford to ignore it.

CHARACTERS

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time.....Comedy lead

OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea".....Comedy old man

TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money, and is sorry for it.....Juvenile man

MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, jolly old cove.....Eccentric

HOBSON, waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion ..... Utility

CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful".....Comedy lead

MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit.....Old woman

KATY, a mischievous maid.....Soubrette

TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch.....Props.

SYNOPSIS

Act I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: the same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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Hick'ry Farm

A Comedy Drama of New England Life in Two Acts

By EDWIN M. STERN

Price, 25 cents

Six male, two female characters. The play deals with the same phases of life as "The Old Homestead" and "The County Fair," and is written in the same comedy vein which has rendered these two pieces so popular. The courtship of the Irish alderman is one of the most ludicrous scenes ever written, while the scenes between the old farmer and his daughter are most touching and pathetic. Scenery, a set cottage and a plain room. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, an hour and a half.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I — Hick'ry Farm House

Darkwood's Plot—Skinner tempted—Money! Gold!—Zekiel appears—"Be you Ann Maria's boy?"—Fortune's reminiscences—The deed must be stolen!—Hard cider—Aunt Priscilla's love—The alderman's brogue—"Dear departed Hezekiah"—Jessie's secret—"Then you still love me?"—"Larry McKeegan's courtin' "—The "widdy" succumbs—"Zekiel's fav'rit' song"—McKeegan's ghost—Jack Nelson makes a discovery—Jessie has gone!—"Heaven help me!"—Zekiel's prayer.

ACT II — In Fortune's Shanty

Zekiel's misfortunes—The rent collector—Darkwood's insult—"Villain, you lie!"—Skinner's remorse—The New York detective—The bank robbery—Darkwood threatens—Jessie returns—The alderman married—"Sure it's a darlint little woife she is"—Zekiel's happiness—"Gosh! I ain't felt so gol-darned happy sinct I wuz a boy"—A trap for Darkwood—Jack and Jessie reunited—Priscilla pacified—Darkwood at bay—"Stand aside, as you value your lives!"—The detective fires—"You've done for me this time!"—Zekiel's forgiveness—Old Hick'ry farm restored.

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Hageman's Make-Up Book

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Price, 25 cents

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopedia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the **best make-up book** ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

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